

## The Critic

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### A Week in New York.

'I GUESS you have already graduated as a citizen of the United States?' said a worthy American to me, as we sat together on the deck of a great Atlantic steamer. 'Well, Sir,' I replied, 'I am going to your great country with a firm conviction that I shall see in it much to like and to admire.'

It was with such feelings that I landed only a few weeks ago in this great commercial metropolis. Eight days transported me from the din and bustle of the Strand in London to the rumble and clatter of Broadway in New York. My first impression upon landing was that this great people is very much given to swearing. By this I do not mean that as a community the New Yorkers live in perpetual violation of the Third Commandment, but that the utility of an oath is still believed in. The pertinency of this remark will be the more evident when it is remembered that the importance of an oath in Mr. Bradlaugh's case has occupied several nights of parliamentary discussion in our English House of Commons. But how I did swear in the Custom House of this great city!—and how heavily I suffered when I would not swear! Twenty per cent *ad valorem* on a brand-new coat, because I could not 'swear' that I had ever worn it or intended to wear it! Sixty per cent on a piece of silk, because I could not 'swear' for whom I intended it! Twenty per cent on a nice little library of new books, because I could not 'swear' that they had been in my possession for a year! We were a large company at the Custom House on that day, and from all parts of the great hall the word 'Swear!' seemed to rise in sepulchral tones as from the ghost of Hamlet's father. '*Hic et ubique*.' Still the voice came—not from ethereal beings beneath the stage, but from lusty Custom House officers intent upon their lawful exactions. Having paid my bill (without swearing) I got into a cab—a large black lumbering conveyance, just like our mourning coaches in England,—and drove off to my hotel. My second impression of your great city, as 'they rattled my bones over the stones,' was the roughness of your streets. Citizens of New York, it is not 'malaria' you suffer from: it is disordered liver; and the turbulent upheavings of the streets of your great city are the cause of it. Thousands of bottles of kaskine will not cure you. Nothing but asphalt or wooden blocks will.

I was fortunate as to the time of my arrival, for the day following was Decoration Day. I witnessed the military procession from my hotel window. It was a truly grand sight. The whole history of the great struggle was revived, and I remembered with a degree of shame that in those days the sympathies of England seemed strangely misplaced. But let it be all forgotten now. I have an eye to a soldier, having lived for twenty years in a large military station, and I can truly say I have never seen a finer—indeed, as fine—a regiment as your Seventh, which marched down Broadway on the morning of Decoration Day. Their military bearing was all the more evident as it contrasted with the unsteady

step of the veterans of the Grand Army, who had served their country at the call of duty amidst the horrors of war, when soldiering was a stern necessity rather than a fashionable recreation. Fired with enthusiasm for the Stars and Stripes, I went in the evening to the Academy of Music, and felt every inch an American citizen. I was surprised to find the building was not crowded (all the papers said it was.) The Mayor of New York presided and President Cleveland was present. I was there under the impression that it was a great national demonstration, but I have since been told that it hardly partook of that character. I am glad of it, for there were peculiarities in the programme which seemed to make it unworthy of the solemn occasion of a memorial day as well as of a great nation of intelligence and culture. The proceedings were opened with prayer, and after an introductory address by General McMahon and another by Mayor Grace, an oration was delivered by the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts. The last public speech I heard in the old country was Gladstone's great speech on the Russian question. The first public oration I heard in the new country was one by Mr. Evarts. I believe the striking points of similarity between these two great orators is not imaginary on my part. Judging from Mr. Evarts's speech on this occasion, I should say he may well claim a place in the front rank of orators in the English language. His style of delivery, his choice of language, the length of his periods, and the pathos of his utterances, are very similar indeed to those of Mr. Gladstone. I was surprised to find that no New York paper took the trouble to give a verbatim report of his speech. Had it been delivered in London, it would have been fully reported in the six morning papers. Mr. Evarts's remarks on the duty of a nation to extend its rewards and pensions to its warriors with no niggard hand deserve a permanent record. But now comes a strange anachronism in the events of that evening, which I cannot for the very life of me understand. After the stirring strains of 'Bayadere,' after the solemn prayer of Dr. Paxton, and the eloquent and chaste oration of Mr. Evarts, *we*—the President of the United States, the gallant Generals of the Grand Army, the learned divines, the Mayor of New York, the stranger from London, and the very distinguished audience—were entertained by recitations (well done I admit) by a pretty actress, and a 'naughty little girl.' Such a combination could not possibly exist in England. I have given expression of my surprise to several citizens, but the only satisfactory reply I have got was from a censorious old critic who said: 'It is American, you know!' But I really do not believe it. The strange admixture—the sudden transition from the lofty eloquence of one of America's greatest orators to the sentimental, not to say silly, exhibitions of actresses and precocious little girls—must have been as distasteful to the feelings of the President of the Great Republic as it was to the humble individual who had just dropped in from London. The wise man is reported to have said in a less civilized age than the present, that there is a time for everything, and there certainly seemed to be some incongruity between 'Memorial Day' and amusing or even dramatic recitations.

Sunday closely followed, and so I went to church. This is English. In my selection of a place of worship, I was not guided by peculiarities of religious belief, but by a desire to see something peculiar to the new country. New York did not supply this. I had to cross that grand suspension bridge, to 'the City of Churches.' It is a very curious circumstance connected with your churches in New York and Brooklyn, that whilst there is seldom anything outside to indicate the special class of theology taught within, for the guidance of the soul, on almost every chapel and church an undertaker informs you where you can order your coffin. It is provoking to say the least. A Londoner, piously disposed, does not rove about the streets of New York and Brooklyn on a Sunday in search of a coffin, but in search of a church. On the Sunday morning in question, I was strolling down

the streets of Brooklyn in search of a place of worship when I came upon an inviting brick building upon which was rather tastefully illuminated the name of Barnum. Barnum is well known in London. For years he has been celebrated for his baby-shows, and now he is chiefly known to every little boy and girl in Great Britain as the great American who robbed them of Jumbo. 'Now,' I said to myself as I gazed on that illuminated shield, 'it will not be proper for me to visit Mr. Barnum's show on a Sunday morning. It is bad enough for one to read the *World* on a Sunday morning, or to travel for five cents by the Elevated Railway. I must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at Barnum.' But I was mistaken. It was not Mr. Barnum's show that stood before me: it was the church of the Rev. Mr. Talmage. 'Barnum' is merely the name of Mr. Talmage's undertaker—the enterprising individual who keeps the key of the church, sweeps out the pews, and makes the coffins for the people! As Mr. Talmage did not preach that morning, the church was almost empty. But at Plymouth Church I heard the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beecher is 'a grand old man.' His sermon was truly eloquent. But it was the first time in my life that I ever heard a congregation laugh, and laugh as though they enjoyed it, in church. I expressed my surprise to a gentleman seated in my pew. He replied: 'You see we are a happy family: we do as we like in Plymouth Church.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'it seems so.' To criticise Mr. Beecher's sermon would involve a religious discussion, which is not the object of the present sketch. In the afternoon I decided to attend the Episcopal Cathedral in New York, but my landlord informed me that there is no Episcopal Cathedral in New York. The nearest approach to it is Trinity Church, where I was surprised to find but a small congregation, although the service was very well rendered. The religious atmosphere of the place presented a pleasing contrast to that of Plymouth Church in the morning. 'Ah!' said my censorious critic (who is an Episcopalian) 'at Beecher's Church the people go to listen—and to laugh; here at Trinity we come to worship and to pray.' 'You are quite right,' I said, 'but Plymouth Church seems more popular.' In the evening I attended Grace Chapel, where I heard a good, practical sermon from the clergyman in charge. There was no evening service at Grace Church or I should have gone there, for it is a striking monument to the liberality of a well-known benefactress of whose generous gifts we have often heard in London.

My desire to attend a cathedral service was soon gratified, for I was present at the opening of the new Cathedral at Garden City. It was a most impressive service, and the sermon preached by Bishop H. C. Potter was a very striking one. The Bishop attempted to justify the erection of the Cathedral in what is, at present, a mere distant suburb of New York. But while I could not but admire the generosity of the lady who has built this noble monument to the memory of her husband, I could not help asking: 'Why was not this Cathedral erected in the very centre of that great city in which Mr. A. T. Stewart made his money?' It would have then supplied for New York what St. Paul's Cathedral supplies for London—a great national institution in which God is glorified and man is taught. The calm dignity of the proceedings at Garden City on June 2d presented a striking contrast, in my mind, to the strange admixture of solemnity and frivolity which I had witnessed only a few days previous in the Academy of Music on Decoration Day.—I am not a play-goer. My tastes and inclinations are not in that direction. Still, in order to study New York I visited the Bijou Opera House and found the affectations of Boston and Old England skilfully exposed by Mr. Dixey. I have always had serious doubts as to the merits of Henry Irving's Hamlet, but Mr. Dixey's mimicry of our great English tragedian's mannerisms has fully convinced me that Mr. Irving's Hamlet is far from perfect. Mr. Dixey's popular song 'It is English, You Know,' was much appreciated. It clearly indicates an increasing desire

on the part of Americans to adopt that which is English. And it seems but right that it should be so. To keep touch of the old country, with its glorious traditions in literature, in art, and in faith, is but a laudable ambition. I am told that 30,000 Americans visit England every year. Let us hope that they copy our best and leave the bad behind.

It seems to me that one thing in which New York might, with advantage, copy London is in the general character of the daily press. There are six well-known daily papers published in London—*The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Standard*, *The Chronicle*, *The Daily News* and *The Morning Post*. These papers represent different schools of politics, but in each there is a certain high tone and character which I have not found in the New York morning papers of the same class. The type of your papers is small and difficult to read. But the worst feature in them is the prominence they give to little bits (and big bits, too) of scandal and vice, which cannot interest any one. In London lovers of scandal read *Truth* or *Town Talk*, but the regular daily papers do not make vice and scandal a prominent feature in their pages. I have been told by many gentlemen in New York that they never allow their daughters to read a daily morning paper. It is quite impossible, I know, to keep such things out of the papers, especially when they get into the police courts; but your daily papers seem to tax their utmost ingenuity and skill to give the greatest prominence to unsavory subjects. Take up a New York morning paper, and you will find the platform utterances of your chief statesmen dismissed in a few words, whilst its leading pages will be covered with headings such as 'She Shoots Herself,' 'Attacked by a Negro in Her House,' 'The Child Polygamist,' 'Miss Jones Elopes,' 'She Left Him for Ever,' 'He Loved Her too Well'—and so on, *ad nauseam*. In London this kind of newspaper work is entrusted to *The Police News* and *Town Talk*, and other such papers which respectable citizens would never admit into their houses, and no respectable hotel would leave on its tables. I have no Utopian idea regarding the press. I know scandals must get into the papers. But why in the name of common decency do editors, who are gentlemen of education and refinement, serve these little details with all their skill and energy, as though it were of the greatest interest to the general public to know that John Jones had run away with Sarah Smith? In England we regard the leading London journals as the teachers of the people. But it is quite impossible for the press in New York to assume a dignified position as long as newspaper editors make no effort to get out of what appears to be this rut of American journalism. Your daily papers are also badly printed. This is all the more remarkable because the art of printing has reached a degree of excellence in New York which far exceeds that of any city in Europe.

I have visited your law courts. Of course I missed the gown and wig. This is not of much consequence in a great and free country like this. But when you threw away the gown and wig, I am afraid you parted with the dignity also. At least one morning when I went into your Supreme Court, I found one of your Judges (a respectable old gentleman), with an auctioneer's hammer in his hand, thumping for silence, and the barristers in front of him seemed a disorganized mob. In another court I found the learned counsel actually seated as he examined a witness who happened to be a lady. Only those who have been accustomed to British law courts (I don't say Irish) can possibly understand the feelings with which I left your courts of justice. I am not surprised to read in a morning paper that in a certain court in one of the central States, two barristers actually fought in the presence of the judge. When I was in England I used to laugh at the judge's wig and think it a remnant of a less civilised age, but I understand it all now. The wig keeps silence and order better than the auctioneer's hammer.

A LONDONER.



## Reviews

## "The Philosophy of Disenchantment."\*

THERE is a legend that one day Thor went a-fishing, and as he cast his line into the great World-Sea, he hooked a huge creature at which he pulled and pulled until he found that he had hooked the mighty sea-serpent which girdled the whole world with its coils. Mr. E. E. Saltus too has gone a-fishing, and he too has hooked a huge sea-serpent which he would fain persuade us girdles not only the world but the universe, coil within coil: and this universal sea-serpent is—Pessimism! 'The Philosophy of Disenchantment' is the last result of the philosophy of the Book of Ecclesiastes: all is vanity and vexation of spirit, according to this unsmiling metaphysic. The ugliest smirk of Lucretius, the sourest speculations of the Stoics, are reflected in a volume which like a curving mirror makes life an infinite elongation of evil. We should all jump off the Brooklyn Bridge to-morrow if one ounce of all this painful rhetoric were true. Instead of packing our trunks for Europe, or going on bridal trips, or climbing Mont Blanc, we should be opening our veins, writing our wills, inditing our last farewells to Lesbia, or following the examples of Empedocles and Heinrich von Kleist. There is 'outer darkness' in the successive chapters of the book, and inner ennui in the all-pervading disillusion which is their keynote. How much of all this pessimism is Mr. Saltus's own, and how much is due to the discursive and disconnected exegetical method which he has adopted, we cannot say. At one moment he appears to be setting forth his own opinions, and at another the opinions of the groups of pessimists whom he discusses. The book opens with a sketchy and superficial *aperçu* of ancient grumblers and growlers, among whom, strange to say, he omits the very princes of the powers of darkness—the Hebrews, and Hesiod, chiefest of the Greek pessimists. Leopardi, Schiller, Heine, the author of 'Werther,' and the early Transcendentalists, are analysed and commented upon with their various shades and shadows of pessimism, blackest among which is the pathological pessimism of the Italian poet. The summing-up of the chapter is: 'In brief, then, life to the Christian is a probation, to the Brahmin a burden, to the Buddhist a dream, and to the pessimist a nightmare.'

Naturally, to the 'high-priest of pessimism'—Arthur Schopenhauer—an entire section is devoted which traces his diseased and uncanny philosophy from point to point and from syllogism to syllogism, one might say, until it—it is to be hoped—expired with him in his seventy-second year. Here, as elsewhere in this mirage-like philosophy, the doctrine is 'like the skeleton in Goya's painting, which, leaning with a leer from the tomb, scrawls on it the one word, Nada—nothing.' A chapter is given to the unintelligible *Unbewusst* of Von Hartmann—that philosophy of the unconscious which is about as hard to understand as the pseudo-Coleridgeism of Concord. Von Hartmann, surrounded by a troop of beautiful and joyous children, stands in absurd contradiction to the pessimistic atmosphere which broods like a sullen mist over his works. 'The Great Quietism' may come through the gates of this victorious philosophy, though we rather think it will come in the form of an immense yawn on the part of the conscientious reader who attempts to understand it. In answer to the question, 'Is Life an Affliction?' Mr. Saltus replies: 'Life may be said to be always valuable to the obtuse, often valueless to the sensitive; while to him who commiserates with all mankind, and sympathizes with everything that is, life never appears otherwise than as an immense and terrible affliction'—than which a more false *summa summarum*, a doctrine more untrue to life and to experience, cannot well be imagined. The encyclopædic inclusiveness of such a statement, which is the concluding statement of the book, is of

a piece with its extravagant demands on our credulity in other statements. Mr. Saltus and his pessimists are thorough Egyptians: they spend their whole lives in building their tombs—to have them afterwards rifled and ridiculed by an optimistic posterity.

## Theological Literature.\*

THE chief service of this book (1) is to show how many minds there are on the topic with which it is concerned. A dozen thoughtful gentlemen wrote the articles here collected for the London *Homiletic Magazine*, and nearly every one differs radically, in method and in conclusion, with the rest. Part of this disagreement is due to training under different systems of belief. The contributors are 'writers representing various sections of the Church,' says the editor. Among these 'various sections' are the Romanist and the Jewish, the Unitarian and the Congregationalist, the Presbyterian and the Anglican—so that dull repetition is not to be looked for. Part of the disagreement, also, is found within the lines of freedom permitted by a single system—Archdeacon Farrar, for example, assailing not only Principal Cairns and Bishop Weathers, but also Dr. Stanley Leathes, and finding his closest sympathy in Mr. Edward White. Of course the positive outcome of the book is very small. The subject is one which demands, not only study, but space. Two hundred and forty pages, divided among eleven men, do not give much room to one. The most effective articles of the eleven are those which assail the traditional views of strict inspiration, but these construct little. There is no agreement on definitions, and a frequent lack of precision in statement. In the nature of the case there is no unity and no steady progress in the volume. It is rather entertaining—to people who like such debates—but is in no respect satisfactory. Those who question the value of the 'symposium' as a standing feature of magazine literature will hardly be won over to its side by this illustration of what it can accomplish.

Methodism (2) was the great movement of the Eighteenth Century in the direction of personal religion. American Methodism was, in its genesis, this wide-spread movement as localized in America. Its essential features were therefore not any distinguishing marks of Wesley over against Whitefield or Tennent or Edwards, but the characteristics which divided these men and others like them from the formalists and dogmatists against whose influence Methodism was a reaction. Methodism had various phases and divisions, but a glance over the whole field is necessary to an intelligent judgment upon any part. It is therefore a pity that a volume with the above title should limit itself to an account of the origin and early progress of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and ignore every other part of the same great movement. Whitefield's name, for example, does not occur, although we do not need to side with him against Wesley to perceive that Methodism in America cannot be understood without an examination of Whitefield's work. As to the conditions which made Methodism possible, the mode of its earliest growth, its divergent lines, and even the causes which led to the great advance of Wesleyan Methodism in particular, we learn little or nothing. Dr. Atkinson has confined himself chiefly to the work of the chronicler. On this work he has expended patience and care, though his materials might have been gathered from a wider area. But a more philosophical treatment would have given a truer picture of Methodism, and would not at all have detracted from the glory of solid achievement and energetic life with which the Methodist Episcopal Church is to be credited.

These two little volumes of 'Meditations on Life, Death and Eternity' have been made up from Miss Rowan's translation of Zschokke's 'Stunden der Andacht.' The selection is the work of the Rev. L. R. Dunn, D.D., and shows a

\* The Philosophy of Disenchantment, By Edgar Evertson Saltus. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

\* 1. Inspiration: A Clerical Symposium. By Archdeacon Farrar, and ten others. \$1.50. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 2. Centennial History of American Methodism. By John Atkinson, D.D. \$2. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 3. Meditations on Life, Death and Eternity. By J. H. D. Zschokke. 3 vols. \$1.60. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

sympathetic and appreciative mind. The extracts do not always rise above the commonplace, but there is a sincerity about them which often goes beyond originality in ensuring usefulness.

#### Herodotus and Cicero.\*

It is with pleasure that we follow the rise of the new school of classical scholarship in this country, and note how far in advance it is of the school of other days, sacred to the associations and humors of twenty years ago. The *Hic Jacet* already rests over this antiquated tribe of commentators, while the younger and broader school is striding forward with remarkable rapidity and success, and Americans are on the way to a recognized position as editors and commentators in the branches of Greek and Latin learning. Prof. A. C. Merriam, of Columbia College, New York, has exemplified this in his edition of the sixth and seventh books of Herodotus for Harper's Classical Series for Schools and Colleges (1). The book contains a life of the historian, an epitome of his history, a summary of the dialect, and explanatory notes. The sixth and seventh books contain the wonderful stories of Marathon and Thermopylae, wonderfully told, as all know who have any acquaintance with the vivid and sensuous prose of the great Halicarnassian. No selections could be better adapted than these to interest an intelligent class of boys in the Herodotean episodes. Prof. Merriam appears to ignore completely the crotchety theory of Sayce, that Herodotus is not Herodotus at all, but somebody else—Hecataeus, for instance. He is ridden by no hobbies and pursued by no nightmares, but goes to his work calmly, in a mood befitting an instructed and instructive commentator. The style of Herodotus is indeed, as Dionysius of Halicarnassus said, a happy medium between the austere and the polished, appropriating the choicest beauties of each in a way peculiar to itself. Prof. Merriam strives with great success to bring out and illustrate the characteristics of his author, and has added a text to our college series which reflects great credit on American scholarship.

Dr. A. P. Peabody has given us another excellent fruit of his labors as a translator and annotator in this little volume of Cicero (2). He takes Beier's edition of the 'De Amicitia' and Creuzer and Moser's edition of 'Scipio's Dream' (in the 'De Republica'), and gives us an agreeable and easily reading version of the originals, interspersing the renderings with judicious footnotes and further clarifying the text by a useful introduction, synopsis of the contents, and index. The friendships of the ancients were often strikingly beautiful, and the dialogues which have come down to us from Plato and the Romans on this and kindred topics are expressed not only in exquisite language, the perfection of Latin and Greek, but reveal to us a side of ancient life which is altogether lovely. In 'Scipio's Dream' how much eloquent talk is there on the immortality of the soul, on the music of the spheres, and on the conditions on which heaven may be won! All this is too fine and noble to remain covered up in its learned garb and thus be kept from the enjoyment of the unlearned; and Dr. Peabody is doing capital service in opening it to the general reader by his clear and simple translations.

#### "Colonel Enderby's Wife."†

'COLONEL ENDERBY'S WIFE' is one of the stories on which one's first verdict is that it is deliciously written. The grace of style and refinement of finish that are so keenly felt, but so impossible to analyze or explain, make the book a delight from cover to cover. Added to this, though quite subordinate to it, there is story enough to interest the most

jaded. The plot turns upon an exaggeration which is almost absurd in its extravagance. The heartless little 'wife' whose cruelty is to bring about the Colonel's trials and show his nobleness, is quite 'too too' in her marble-heartedness. Frivolous flirts, and selfish, cold-blooded women, exist undoubtedly even as wives and mothers; but no human being ever lived who was quite so extreme in these matters as Mrs. Enderby. The most fastidious critic, however, easily overlooks this; for the book is not intended for a study of the wife's cold-bloodedness, but for one of the husband's nobleness. As the hard heart is merely the key to the situation, the author is forgiven for making it a big one. A delicate, subtle, unobtrusive Yale lock would have been better artistically as the key; but the treasures discovered when the box is opened are so fine as to make one forgive the clumsiness of the key.

Bits of landscape in the book are very beautifully given; one of the prettiest scenes being where the Colonel, conscious that he has not long to live, feels nevertheless the keen vigor and delight of the spring in all his veins, as on 'the still February afternoon, when the first touch of spring was in the air, and the blackbirds flirted in merry lover-like fashion up and down the purple budding hedgerows, and the long tassels showed red on the black-stemmed alders overhanging the brook,' he leaned on the handle of his long spud and contemplated his lambs, 'very pleasantly conscious, not of death, but of life—of reviving interest and quiet enjoyment in things around him.' For 'there is still a very real satisfaction to be derived from the fact that most of your ewes bring doubles, even when you have reason to believe yourself within quite measurable distance of eternity. The day of small things is never quite done, thank God. Sugar is sweet to the mouth even of a dying man.' The book is deeply interesting, and is one of those that one is not ashamed to be interested in.

#### "The Light of the World."\*

VERSIFIED versions of the Scriptures have been not infrequent; nay, even from the very dawn of Teutonic civilization they have abounded. In Anglo-Saxon, for example, we have the immense cycle of Biblical poems that go by the name of the so-called Caedmon, which in many cases are the merest paraphrases of the Old Testament. Closely following on these comes the alliterative version of the Pentateuch by Aelfric, which, though printed by Grein as prose, is good alliterative Anglo-Saxon verse. In Germany the richest and most important monuments of Old Saxon and Old High German are found in the 'Heliand,' a versified and often brilliant life of Christ in alliterative form, and Otfrid's 'Krist,' a book on which abundant commentaries, editions, and pains have been bestowed by the Germans. Further on, Klopstock's 'Messias' (in the last century) excited a *furor* of enthusiasm in Germany, and marked the beginning of the new poetic era. In England Henry Kirke White had begun a 'Christiad' which was unfortunately interrupted by his death. In our day and in this country Dr. Abraham Coles, a well-known writer on sacred themes, has undertaken the life of our Lord in decasyllabic verse, in two volumes ('The Evangel' and 'The Light of the World'). To those who prefer their Scripture in poetic form, these volumes will be very acceptable. We ourselves, however, are old-fashioned enough to prefer the beautiful and melodious prose of the version of 1611, which in many passages has the ring of the finest poetry. To our mind, there is a certain sacrilege, or at least sacrifice of very sacred associations, involved in any attempt to versify the New Testament literally. Themes drawn from the life of Christ and thrown into verse of a high order are unobjectionable; but little is gained, we think, by painting the lily or gilding the gold of our noble version as it stands; by taking whole

\* 1. The Sixth and Seventh Books of Herodotus (Greek). Edited by A. C. Merriam. \$1.00. (Harper's Classical Series.) New York: Harper & Bros. 2. Cicero's De Amicitia and Scipio's Dream. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by A. P. Peabody. 75 cts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.  
† Colonel Enderby's Wife. By Lucas Malet (Mrs. Harrison), author of Mrs. Lorrimer. Paper, 30 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

\* The Light of the World. By Dr. Abraham Coles. Illustrated. \$2.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



gospels and trying to make them read metrically; or by diluting their noble strength and simplicity in order to meet the exigencies of an arbitrary verse-form. Still, Dr. Coles's purpose is serious, his aim is high, and he brings to the performance of his self-appointed task a profound knowledge of the New Testament and an equal familiarity with the requirements of conventional verse-making. That his metrical version of the story of Christ will not lack admirers, is shown by the letter from John Bright which we were permitted to quote in these columns a few weeks since.

#### Recent Fiction

It is proof of the admirable quality of 'Missy,' by the author of 'Rutledge,' in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Riverside Paper Series, that the critic who takes it up again in this form, after having read some thousands of novels since it was first published, finds to his surprise that he recalls perfectly not only the general plot but even the episodes and the style that made the book as a whole so impressive. Of course, however, he re-reads it as a matter of duty, to verify the charm that he remembers, and he finds, as he expected, that the charm is still there. The book is full both of story and of meaning; it entertains, and at the same time leaves one thoughtful. — 'OLD-FASHIONED FAIRY TALES,' by Juliana Horatia Ewing, (Pott, Young & Co.) is a delightful book both for children and old people, possessing just the right amount of the old-fashioned pure imagination of wonderful and impossible things, combined with just the right amount of the modern interpretation and practical bearing which is not a troublesome moral, but merely the pleasantest of illustration. The stories are all entertaining enough to amuse even the little one too young to see their meaning; yet they all have a wise and beautiful meaning for those who like a little tea with their sugar as well as a little sugar with their tea.

ONE's first feeling in taking up 'At the Red Glove' (Harpers) is surprise at finding that there is so much of it. As it has appeared as a serial, it has had the effect of a dozen or more little *genre* pictures, made up of single effects and episodes, each like a separate bit of Meyer von Bremen. Now suddenly it appears as a whole, with all the outward dignity of a genuine novel. Trying to read it again as a whole does not, however, make it any more clearly a novel. It is still a series of little stories and separate scenes, each exhibiting a certain art and cleverness, but with very little relation to each other; and there is a singular lack of clearness, which makes it positively hard to disentangle all the elements simple as they are and keep all the threads distinct. The story is about what might be expected from a pretty young girl, a tall, fine young fellow of twenty-three, an ex-captain of forty-five, inclined to be stout, a worldly and fascinating but unscrupulous widow, and another common, unattractive, but also unscrupulous widow. Whatever interest the story possesses is due solely to the execution, which is, in its way, excellent.

IT is pleasant to find work of the fine quality of Professor Hardy's 'But Yet a Woman' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) widely popular and demanding reprint in cheaper form for more general circulation. It is now issued in the Riverside Paper Series at fifty cents. As we reviewed it at length when it first appeared, we will only here reiterate the praise we gave it then, and repeat that its weakness in construction is as nothing when weighed in the balance with its beauty of style and refinement of finish. We said then that it was a book to own, not merely to read, and rejoice that it is now possible for a larger circle of readers to own it.

THE reader who discovers in the first chapter of 'Red Ryvington,' by William Westall (Cassell & Co.), a remarkable rescue of a beautiful young girl from a carriage acci-

dent, turns expectantly to the last chapter and finds what he had looked for: 'Here, darling, is the place where I was called to save you and receive the greatest blessing of my life,—your love.' He who has patience to read all that lies between—and there is a good deal—may perhaps find enough to reward him; but the thrilling incident to begin with, which is meant to be exciting and awful but merely succeeds in being laughable, does not promise well.

#### The Magazines.

DR. HOLMES in *The Atlantic* entertains us spicily with an interviewer interviewed. — Mr. Warner begins 'On Horseback' in Southwest Virginia—a trip of which the *hæc et olim meminisse juvabit* is turned to delightful account for those of us who are to accompany him in his reminiscences, and who will have no more doleful accounts of mishaps than that in the case of a supper delayed so long that he 'nearly lost his interest in it.' — John Wilkinson gives a capital story in Mr. Stockton's vein—(by the way, where is Mr. Stockton himself this month?)—called 'The Singular Case of Jeshurun Barker,' and recounting the strange experience of a family consisting of 'my aunt, my aunt's rheumatism, my sister Lizzie, and myself.' — W. L. Alden, our new Consul General in Rome, in an article on 'Garibaldi's Ideas,' gives considerable insight into the working of that man's mind who approved of but one form of government: an elective despotism, of which he himself was the only man fit to be elected despot. — 'Southwestern Kansas Seen with Eastern Eyes,' by M. H. Leonard, is a faithful photograph, the writer having photographed especially well that curious mental phase of the Eastern visitor on the prairie which consists of feeling that really there seems to be nothing in Kansas to like on abstract principle, and that nevertheless one likes it. — China and Mexico appear as a matter of course; the serials continue their stately progress to a *finale*; and there are the usual reviews.

The most interesting article in *The North American* for the average reader is one by Pres. S. C. Bartlett on 'The Subterranean History of Man.' Few people realize the immense importance of what has been learned by excavation; that from the discoveries under certain mounds in Babylonia and Assyria there have been reconstructed, not only the monarchies and their wars, but their religion, art, science, employments, social, commercial, and civil life, the lines and extent of their traffic, and a singularly copious and varied literature. — Dr. Parkhurst writes so picturesquely on the subject 'Is Christianity Declining?' that it is a disappointment when he finally falls back upon figures and statistics. — David Dudley Field and Henry George hold a 'Conversation,' and other articles are on 'The Extradition of Dynamite Criminals,' Prohibition, Civil-Service Reform, etc.

*Outing* contains at least one article that ought to be read by everybody: an account of Anna Ella Carroll, and the astounding revelation, too long delayed, that the great Tennessee Campaign was originated by a woman. — Other articles are chiefly devoted, as is fitting, to out-of-doors; but there is a distinctly literary flavor of the library in the excellent book-reviews.

Miss Baylor's 'On This Side,' in *Lippincott's*, gives us twenty pages of unalloyed amusement. — Miss Tinker's serial comes to a close, and we shall miss it for its Italian local color. Henry Frederic Reddall explains the mysterious Middle and Inner Temple which always have for us such a flavor of something delightfully literary, without our knowing exactly what it is. Helen Gray Cone contributes one of her exquisitely finished poems, and Alice Wellington Rollins writes of a trip too little familiar to American vacationists: the inland voyage from Buffalo to Duluth.

*The English Illustrated* has some lovely illustrations for the article 'In the New Forest,' by Mabel Collins, and some, not less charming if hardly to be called lovely, for 'The London Ragamuffin,' by Dorothy Tennant. An ad-

mirable and pathetic short story, 'Schwarz,' is by David Christie Murray, who has given us lately some exceedingly fine novels.

One of the best short stories of the month is that of 'Joe, the Marine,' by Charles A. Murdock, in *The Overland Monthly*. It has all the pathos of Bret Harte, if not quite all the humor, and is finely told.—Edwards Roberts adds another to the brave efforts that are being made to drag in the direction of Pike's Peak some of the inveterate travellers who persist in going to Europe, for no perceptible advantage beyond the fact that their daughters can exclaim '*Mon dieu!*' when a mouse frightens them after they get home. *The Overland* is an excellent monthly, and is unique in having all its articles full of a general interest, so that whoever takes it will be likely to read everything in it.

The illustrations of *Harper's* are especially fine, if it has not become a truism to allude to their excellence. Those for F. Marion Crawford's article on 'The Mohammedans in India' supplement admirably the instructive text, and those for Miss Jane Welch's exhaustive paper on Buffalo are a revelation to one whose association with the beautiful lake city is solely that of Delaware Avenue and its verandahs. 'A Silk Dress,' by R. R. Bowker, gives an elaborate account of an industry which is especially to be noted as affording much employment to women, even at the beginning in the raising of the silk worm.—Mr. Howells's new novel, 'Indian Summer,' opens with all the spirit and delicacy which made his earlier stories so delightful, and which has lately seemed to be shading off into merely pleasant commonplace. The lady who had, 'with all her flexibility, a certain charming stiffness, like the stiffness of a very tall feather,' with the other younger lady who was like an 'heroic statue of herself,' and the really bright talk, give us Mr. Howells at his best. Those for whom the woods and rocks of Mt. Desert are the extreme of grateful 'roughing it' and summer wildness, can luxuriate in the verse of Frances L. Mace, with Harry Fenn's illustrations; while those who demand still greater 'snap' in their wilderness can take 'A Day's Drive with Montana Cowboys,' under the escort of Rufus F. Zogbaum.

Fiction plays the most prominent part in *The Century*. 'The Rise of Silas Lapham' develops stirring and tragic elements justly to be called plot, while the detail is as good as ever. Ivory Black contributes another of his ingenious tales. 'Mistral,' by Daudet, and 'George Eliot's County,' by Rose Kingsley, might almost be counted in with the fiction, owing so much of their interest to what fiction has lent to the character and the country in the poetry of Mistral and the novels of one who was long known in her county merely as 'that nice, clever Miss Evans.' We are glad to see that we have ourselves acted as a 'Discourager of Hesitancy' on the part of Mr. Stockton, and succeeded by our inquiries for him in our notices of the earlier magazines, in bringing him up to time with a sequel to 'The Lady and the Tiger.' If there is anyone who is enjoying 'The Bostonians,' he will be glad to know that it is to be continued.—The Civil War Papers are by General Longstreet, General Franklin, and General Hill, and deal with the Seven Days' Fighting about Richmond, the Rear Guard Fighting at Savage's Station, and McClellan's Change of Base. Edward Eggleston's historical paper treats of colonial equipages, travel, courtship and marriage, funerals, holidays, etc. And a picturesque article on 'The Gate of India,' by W. L. Fawcett, describes that wonderful Khyber Pass which vertebrates the whole history of mankind down to the discovery of the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope.

HOBART PASHA—who is, perhaps, the only Englishman who has commanded squadrons or single ships in a war where torpedoes were used as offensive weapons—contributes to *Blackwood's* for June an article on 'The Torpedo Scare,' in which he relates his experiences in the Black Sea during the Russo-Turkish War,

## The Rivals.

MINE !

The slender form and the tender face,  
The blissful lips and the wistful eyes,  
The heart's quick beat in the long embrace :  
Oh ! perfect and passionate gift of grace,  
No rival may seek my prize.  
She is mine alone to be clasped and kissed,  
To be held and loosed, to be loved for aye ;  
Though the King of Terrors my right resist  
I will hold him forever at bay.

Thine !

Thou didst accept the challenge, she is thine ;  
Thy arms she faded into, out of mine ;  
Thou hast the fair sweet form to hold, to kiss,  
To fold within thy harsh embrace, and this  
For thee forever, nevermore for me—  
Thine, thine, O Death ! through all eternity.

Thine ? Mine !

Yes, mine, not thine, if she loved not thee ;  
If love be lacking thou canst not own ;  
Thou hast the flesh, but the soul is free,  
And that loved me, and for me alone  
Did it light the eyes, did it flush the face,  
Flood the lips with kisses at love's decree,  
Did it thrill the form in my close embrace,  
But never, O Death ! for thee.  
Then she is not thine, and I claim her still  
By the royal right of her own sweet will,  
By the memories clinging about me here,  
By the hope and the heaven that men hold dear,  
By the promise that, after the toil and the pain,  
I shall see her and clasp her and kiss her again !

HOMER GREENE.

## Mr. Page's Negro Dialect.

We printed, some time ago, a communication in which Mr. Page was charged with inconsistency in his rendering of the negro dialect in 'Marse Chan.' On our own authority we ventured an explanation or defence in his behalf, and we are now permitted to make the following extract from a private letter in which he touches upon the point in question :—

'My exculpation is that I was not writing for the dialect, but for the story ; and the dialect may be careless, but at least it has the merit of being unstudied and natural. The sorrowful fact of double pronunciation is due to my having attempted after the proof was sent me to correct some of the words, so as to render them a little more intelligible. It resulted in the words being left as they were first written in some places and in others being changed. I intended to have revised the spelling when it was put in the "American Stories," but the Messrs. Scribner just republished it from *The Century*, and their proof-reader changed a few words himself to make them intelligible. Then, by reason of the fact that the negro gets his language from his associates and has no fixed standard, his dialect is in a constant state of mutation and varies according to his surroundings, and I might say according to the condition of his imagination or his liver. We know down here that there is no fixed dialect, and certainly no negro language. That my negro dialect is approximately true, I know by the very general endorsement it has received. I rather pride myself, however, on the forms of expression and the habits of thought which I have endeavored to reproduce in the way negroes use them, than on any mere spelling of single words. The same negro will often pronounce the same word differently in the same sentence.'



## The Lounger

UNTIL Tennyson's verses on 'The Fleet' appeared, I had never met with the exclamation 'You—you' in any of the Laureate's poems. A single 'you'—the 'you' exclamatory—is common enough, however. It occurs twice in 'The Penny Wise,' which was reprinted in THE CRITIC last December from the London *Morning Chronicle* of Jan. 24, 1852. Like 'The Fleet,' this earlier lyric contained a shot at 'the rulers of the Queen's navee.'

You—sleepy Lords of Admiralty,  
Your errors are too grievous:  
See that your work be workman-like,  
Or else go out and leave us.

\* \* \* \* \*

And you, ye brawlers penny-wise,  
Through you the land is cheated,  
Till by barbarians better-arm'd  
Our greatness is defeated.

THERE are two 'yous' here, but they are separated by the length of an eight-line stanza; and in other respects the earlier poem is more sensible, sonorous and effective than the later. The same form of address occurs several times in the anonymous poem reprinted in last week's CRITIC from the London *Examiner* of Feb. 14, 1852—'O you, the Press!' 'And you, dark Senate of the public pen!' 'Be noble, you!' etc. The coincidence, moreover, affords additional internal evidence of the authorship of the piece. On the whole, this newly revived poem seems to me better than any of those which Tennyson has printed anonymously, from time to time.

A PHILADELPHIA editor has devoted a portion of that dignified leisure which falls to the lot of journalistic workers in the Quaker City, to an analysis of a list of three hundred graduates and distinguished pupils at the Philadelphia Normal School, his object being to discover the favorite names of American girls. According to his computations, Mary leads off with 30, being pretty closely pressed by Anna with 24, between whom and Elizabeth (17) there is a good breathing-space. Elizabeth's heels are trodden upon by Laura with 16, Margaret with 13, and Katherine with 12. Helen and Emma and Lillian and Clara are all pretty popular, while Florence comes last with 5, Edith and Agnes and Grace and Maria being conspicuously absent. The compiler of these invaluable statistics is of opinion that the same proportions would hold with any number of names.

WHAT will the press of Philadelphia say to the popular vote on the ten finest buildings in the United States, the result of which has recently been made known in *The American Architect*? That earth-cumbersome monstrosity, the Municipal Building in Penn Square, is utterly ignored—fails even to come in tenth in the list of ten. It looks very much as if the readers of the *Architect* had had their minds poisoned by Mr. Gosse's animadversions on Philadelphia's pet building which appeared in these columns some months ago. Girard College, now, might have been included in the list without discrediting the voter's taste. But with your true-blue Philadelphian, it is the Municipal Building or nothing.

IF ANYONE will organize a Society for the Protection of the Equestrian Statue of George Washington in Union Square, he may put me down as a member from the start. One's object in putting a great man's statue in a public place is to do him honor, but a statue with a withered wreath bound loosely about its brow does honor to no one. Some one—I know not who—seems to take a malicious pleasure in disfiguring the Washington monument in this way whenever there is the slightest excuse for displaying flowers in public places. On Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, etc., the wreath reappears with exasperating regularity; and about a fortnight ago it came out of its obscurity again—this time, I suppose, to celebrate the arrival of Liberty and her torch from France. The Marquis of Lafayette, who stands at the south-eastern corner of the square, repelling Washington's approach, was similarly adorned; but the wreath he wore was worn with Gallic grace. Washington's, on the other hand, was too small for his head. It slipped down over his eyes, and with outstretched arm he seemed to be groping through the darkness that sealed his lids. Sometimes I have seen his wreath pushed back from his forehead; and then he has looked like a Bowery boy. Some times it is tilted over one eye; and then he resembles a leering, tipsy Bacchus. As the statue left the sculptor's hands, it was nothing if not dignified.

With a faded wreath bound askew on its head, it is worse than ridiculous. Good statues are not so common in New York that we can afford to disfigure them. Hands off! I say.

'THEY are all more or less humorous, and are written in that leisurely essayistic style which lends itself so readily to humor.' The italicized phrase is a convenient one—so convenient that careless writers sometimes use it without stopping to consider whether it will sound ridiculous or not. An English journalist, describing the revised Bibles recently issued from the Clarendon Press, declared that the binding of so many of them had created an immense demand for 'the skins of every animal that lend themselves to the bookbinders' tool.' This is absurd—as well as ungrammatical. The phrase in question 'lends itself' only too 'readily' to the hack writer's pen—and is in a fair way of being worn out before it is returned.

THE appended rhymes come to me under the heading of 'De Imitatione' and over the signature of Henry Baldwin:

Are there no curtains in the realm of art  
But Abbey's cast-offs, bought at second-hand?  
No roses, wild, or offered in the mart,  
That these bold robberies of Weir are planned?  
Do Murphy's saplings give such ample shade,  
That one's debarred from planting larger trees?  
Did Blum build Venice? Pray, has Fuller's maid  
Alone the power the heart of man to please?  
Are new ideas so costly? If it's that,  
Why don't our mendicants pass round the hat?

## Prof. Tyndall's Generous Gift.

[From the New York Tribune.]

PROF. JOHN TYNDALL, of London, has given to Columbia College, \$10,800 as a foundation for a fellowship in Physics to be conferred by the corporation. On Thursday a written instrument conveying the gift was placed in the hands of President Barnard by W. H. Appleton of this city. In a letter to the trustees, accompanying the deed of gift, Mr. Appleton narrates the circumstances which led to this act of liberality on the part of Professor Tyndall. The professor was invited to visit this country in 1872, and to deliver here a series of lectures. These lectures were given in New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Boston. The net proceeds in this city were paid to the professor, though elsewhere only his expenses were paid. But as he did not come to this country to lecture for money, he resolved to constitute of these proceeds a fund for the encouragement of original research in physics in the United States. He placed this fund (amounting then to about \$13,000) in the hands of three trustees, viz., his uncle, Dr. Hector Tyndall, of Philadelphia, Professor Joseph Henry, of Washington, and Dr. E. L. Youmans, of New York, providing that any vacancies which might occur in this board should be filled by appointment by the president of the National Academy of Sciences for the time being. Professor Henry and Dr. Tyndall having died a few years later the president of the Academy, Dr. William B. Rogers, of Boston, appointed in their stead President Barnard and Professor J. Lovering, of Harvard University.

The design of Professor Tyndall as to the application of the fund was that its annual interest should be devoted to the support of one or two fellows in science, who should be young men of talent and fondness for physical research, and who should be willing to devote themselves to original research for life. The trustees found some difficulty in selecting persons fulfilling these conditions, and after some years of experience they resolved to represent to Professor Tyndall that the object aimed at by him would probably be better accomplished by placing the administration of the fund in the hands of some one or more educational institutions, where numbers of young men are always on trial, and where suitable subjects for this benefaction would probably be more easily found.

In the meantime the value of the securities in which the fund had been invested had largely increased, and the fund had grown also by the accumulation of its unexpected income, so that it reached \$32,400. Professor Tyndall, acting on the advice given him, resolved to divide this sum into three equal parts, and to give one of these parts to Columbia College, one to Harvard University, and one to the University of Pennsylvania. The negotiations necessary to effect this change have occupied several months, but have now been brought to a close, and the money has just been paid over to the institutions. At their meeting in October, the trustees of Columbia College will receive official notice of the transaction, and will doubtless accept willingly the trust offered to them.

## Unveiling of the Gray Memorial.

[From *The Cambridge Review*.]

ON the 26th of May, a distinguished company met in the Hall of Pembroke College, at the invitation of the Master and Fellows of the College, to witness the unveiling of a bust of the Poet Gray. This bust is the result of a subscription organised by Mr. Gosse, in coöperation with Lord Houghton. The amount of the subscription was nearly £300, and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft was commissioned to execute a white marble bust of the poet from such materials as there are in existence. The result is charming. The somewhat peculiar shape of Gray's face, which, according to Lord Houghton, is certainly not sculptural, does not prevent the expression from being suave and pleasant. The bust stands upon a pedestal of Pavonezza marble; and in front is a beautiful low bronze relief by Mr. Thornycroft, illustrating the first stanza of Gray's 'Elegy.' The bust stood for the occasion behind the centre of the high table, but in future it will stand on one side of the dais, to correspond with the bust of Pitt, which is already there. The list of contributors includes not only the names of many distinguished men who have some connection with the University of Cambridge, but also of many leaders in art and letters who have no local association to aid their love for the poet. Nor were the subscriptions confined to England alone. 'To canvass America,' says Mr. Gosse in a leaflet circulated to subscribers, 'was a temptation which I resisted. America must now husband her resources for the honor of her own great men. Yet some Americans, and notably the charming ladies of a learned college on Lake Cayuga, have insisted upon helping us. Our list of contributors will show that when celebrated Americans of either sex have once settled on our shores for more than a momentary visit, neither wit nor beauty has preserved them from my importunities.' Mr. Henry James subscribed, Mr. Lowell not only subscribed, but spoke, and Miss Mary Anderson, whose name was also in the subscription list, was present in the gallery, which was reserved for ladies. Besides those mentioned above, there were among those present the following: the Master of Trinity, the Master of Peterhouse, Professor Adams, Professor Westcott, Professor Creighton, Professor Colvin, Professor Jebb, Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Aldis Wright, Mr. L. Alma Tadema, R.A., Mr. Thornycroft, A.R.A., Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, A.R.A., Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, and Mr. George Scharf. Mr. Ruskin had lent for the day his copy of 'Linnaeus' in five volumes, with copious annotations and water-color drawings by Gray. This was exhibited in the Combination Room. The gardens were also thrown open, and there was an organ recital in chapel.

The Chairman said:—The first part of the ceremony having concluded, we come to the second, and I may say the most interesting part, the unveiling of this bust. When a preacher is about to preach a sermon he often waits a long time to find the text. That was really my case; but I have found my text here in the last words of Mr. Gosse's fly-sheet which he sent me this morning—'a scheme suggested from the outside.' That exactly seems to be what it is—a scheme suggested from the outside, originated from the outside, kindly taken up by the outside, and most certainly very much, in the way of preparation, contributed from the outside. And yet it seems to be becoming to say that we are not without sympathy. Mr. Gosse kindly gave us credit for that when he took the scheme up, and it seems to me to be necessary, perhaps, in a measure to make an apology or justification. It is bad theology, I believe, to seek to excuse yourself by other people's sin and neglect. I suppose they did find some excuse in the cases of other great men. They had to wait, so to speak, for recognition. Burns I notice with some complacency had to wait for 90 years, Shakspeare 150, and Chaucer I think quite as long. Therefore I think our great man Gray—for he was a very great man—has not been so very unkindly treated in having to wait 114 years. To-day we make amends for our neglect, and Mr. Gosse will let me say we did eventually go into the scheme with ardor. I am speaking for myself. I think it very becoming that I should put in a claim for this memorial, and that it should be here and not elsewhere. Indeed, I have been found fault with for fighting rather too tenaciously for our Pembroke claim. Here at last Gray has come, in what form you will presently see. I only say it seems to me to be fitting that he should come here, and that for one who died in the arms of a Master of Pembroke, the Master of Pembroke should stretch out his arms and invite him once more here again. (The Master concluded with some complimentary observations upon the energy and value of Mr. Gosse's work.)

### MR. GOSSE'S IMPROMPTU.

Mr. Edmund Gosse said: Master of Pembroke, gentlemen, and ladies, The Master has been far too kind in his references to me. I have been merely a helper with all those who have met me here at lunch to-day, or nearly all, for this meeting is scarcely a public one. I look upon it almost more as a final gathering of subscribers, or complete committee meeting. But we must not look upon it entirely so, because guests are also here, who have kindly consented to give it a more completely University character. It is, therefore, to those guests that I venture to give those explanations which have been received, I hope, by all the contributors this morning. In the first place, then, this bust which we have united to present to Pembroke College—and I cannot admit that the Master has been right in assuming that Pembroke has had a small share in this matter, inasmuch as I think that Pembroke has at least half the credit, and the reception that the scheme has met with within these walls has been extremely gratifying to me—in the first place, the bust is not to remain in that central position. It is placed there that it may be convenient for Lord Houghton, when he presently does us the favor to unveil it. Its final position, naturally enough, will be in this left corner, where on moonlight nights we think that Pitt will no longer feel absolutely lonely, since he can turn to his great predecessor, whose rooms he entered when he left this college. They will hold converse on politics, very possibly, but more probably on poetry. The bust, then, will have its position in that corner, and there is a propriety for that choice, beyond the mere convenience of the site. Here, at this corner of the table, Gray was in the habit of sitting. In those days what is now the Combination Room was the Master's Lodge, and the Master had a habit of sitting at this end of the table. Gray and the Master were most intimate friends, and, most appropriately, the poet sat where Mr. Alma Tadema sits now. It was there on the 24th July, 1771, that he was sitting at dinner here—on this site, although it is no longer the room in which he sat,—and was taken with nausea, and led in the arms of the Master into the Master's Lodge, and thence to his own rooms, which communicated directly with the Lodge, and was tended, as the Master has said, until a few days afterwards he died in the Master's arms. I must now occupy your attention a few moments by telling you what materials exist for the bust Mr. Thornycroft has made. I think the sculptor should have his share in the praise, if praise there be. The materials for the head of Gray have been more copious than for many classic writers of England. In the first place, after I made my first incursion into this college, and received there the civility of being allowed to examine those manuscripts which had been unexamined since they were looked through by Matthias in 1814, the Master, who has shown me great kindness in my investigations, found in a drawer of the lodge two silhouettes of Gray. One of them has been published in a late edition of Gray. But that has not been the chief material which Mr. Thornycroft had to work upon. He has also had the portrait in this college by Eckhardt, or, rather, as I am informed, a copy of Eckhardt's portrait, painted for Strawberry Hill, a pencil drawing of which was made for the sculptor of the bust in Poet's Corner. You will not expect to see a very beautiful face. On my first proposal to Lord Houghton, he wrote back to me, that it could not be said by the most favorable critics that Gray was altogether sculptural. He had certain peculiarities of the mouth which it was impossible to overlook, and which I am glad to find Mr. Thornycroft has not overlooked. I must now say a word about the contributors. Several of our most eminent contributors are unavoidably absent to-day. I would say one word for them. In the first place, the Bishop of Ely had kindly promised to be with us. Up to the last we hoped he might be here. He had even promised to speak, but indisposition of a serious character keeps him from us. Sir Henry Maine, too, who has taken the greatest interest in this memorial, would have been with us if the unsettled condition of India had permitted him to leave his office. Sir Charles Dilke, too, who also confidently expected to be with us, is called by his public business to Dublin. But we need not regret their absence so much as we regret the absence of two men who had intended to be with us; who maintained the most consistent interest in the whole scheme. It was on New Year's Day last year, in this Hall, when I was your visitor, that Mr. Fawcett told me how eagerly he looked forward to be present with us to-day. Almost greater has been the loss of Mr. Munro, than whom no living scholar has paid a more admirable tribute to the genius of our poet. Before I sit down, I must say our hope had been that Mr. Munro would have written the inscription upon this pedestal. It had been left for him. On the last occasion I had to speak to him he almost promised me that



he would write it. The pedestal is, therefore, left without an inscription, but I hope there is classic talent enough at this table to ensure an inscription which will be well worthy of the poet and the scholar who has failed us. I have nothing more to say but to thank you.

#### LORD HOUGHTON'S ADDRESS.

The Master requested Lord Houghton to perform the important duty of unveiling the bust, a task for which he was eminently qualified. Lord Houghton, who was received with cheers, said:—My first impression on finding myself here, and with this duty before me, is one of surprise and regret that it has not been assigned to a person for whom it is especially becoming, and who to every one here will seem its natural appropriator. It is the privilege of this University, and especially of the College in connection with which we both hold the same academic distinction, to have had, and to still retain, an Alumnus, a poet occupying the courtly post which Gray declined to hold, and a social and historic position which Gray would have appreciated, and of whom it is no flattery to say that his present fame is wider than Gray's ever obtained, and whose verse we believe will go down the stream of time to as far a reach as the 'Elegy' itself. I do not know to what accidental or personal contingencies to attribute the absence of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, and my substitution in his place. I never attend celebrations of this nature without a vivid remembrance of what I have read in some work of the great poet and thinker, Goethe, that the most appropriate memorial of any man is his own image in permanent form, which I interpret into the desire to give to such a ceremony as this as far as possible a personal application, and to make it the renewal of a treasured and long-parted friendship, and the recognition of a dear and familiar face, rather than even a local or national welcome, or a tribute of public honor. Such a celebration has a right to require propriety of place and time. On the present occasion, as to place, nothing more appropriate could be supplied, for within these walls Thomas Gray passed the larger and happier portion of his existence, and here he ended his days. If their external and inner aspects are somewhat changed, Gray, as much a man of taste as poet, was not the man to refuse to combine æsthetic with sentimental considerations, or to condemn any temperate and decorous increase of the comforts or luxuries of daily life. In the local sense Gray certainly never addressed to Cambridge such loving adulations and affectionate appeals as to the distant spires and antique towers of Eton College, and there occur in his letters certain uncivil expressions about Cambridge which we would willingly forget. But even he could not deny that to that special genius of the place, the opportunity of the formation of the friendships of youth, he owed not only the chief social happiness of his existence, but the only free expansion of his somewhat exclusive affections. As to time, there is a scope for less satisfactory reflections. It was in the year 1771 that Dr. Brown, your predecessor, sir, in the headship of this Society, wrote the letter which I read last week in the Library of the British Museum, which contains these words: 'Everything is now dark and melancholy in Mr. Gray's rooms. Not a trace of him remains there. But the thoughts I have of him will last, and will be useful to me the few years I can expect to live. He never spoke out.' I shall allude again to these last words, which Mr. Matthew Arnold has made the text of a subtle and instructive criticism, which I only wish he were here in person to repeat to-day. I will call your attention to the date of Mr. Brown's letter, and to the fact that for 114 years there has been in this university no visible memorial of Thomas Gray till to-day, and that even to-day the initiative of our tribute is not due to either university or college, but to the accidental zeal of an excellent biographer. In later times there have taken place changes in your studies, discipline, and manners which if they had existed in his time would no doubt have largely modified his censures of the limitations of intellect, and of the cloistered life of Cambridge. Your present various apprehensions of that physical science in which he took so deep a delight, and of which I am enabled to present to-day to such members of this college as may resort to the Master's Lodge at a later hour an affectionate memorial—namely, the great work of 'Linnaeus,' illustrated not only in writing, but in drawing, in an eminent manner, by Mr. Gray in his own interesting specimens. The great master of artistic prose-writing in England, Mr. Ruskin, desired me to present these volumes for inspection to this society to-day with his respectful compliments. I would desire you not to forget the changes of what I may call the manners of Cambridge, since Gray's time; the approximations of social and domestic life, especially in relation to female society, which would, I believe, not only have softened the asper-

ity of his judgments respecting you, but might have even so far cheered his stagnant spirits, and diverted the monotony of his lonely hours, as to have relieved me from the main difficulty I have to encounter in assigning to Thomas Gray his prime and proper place in English literature. This is, in simple phrase, the scantiness—in adverse criticism, the sterility—of his genius. This peculiarity need not affect our sense of the greatness or even of the wonder at the apparition which it even augments, but undoubtedly it changes the aspect of our judgment just as in our estimate of greatness in life we have a different standard for the hero of one magnanimous action whatever it may be, and of the man of a continuous heroic life. For this prominent problem of the genius of Gray every serious critic will attempt his own solution. Mr. Matthew Arnold finds it in the words of Dr. Brown's letter, 'He never spoke out,' and adds a confirmation in the testimony of a young Swiss gentleman of the name of Bonstetten, in whose hilarity of intellect and gayety of manner Gray, with a natural sense of contrast, took special delight. Bonstetten recalls in his journal that he used to tell him in his latter days that his life was a sealed book, and that he believed he had never known what love was. This may probably be true, but in these conjectures I find no satisfactory solution of a mental and literary phenomenon, and I would rather direct your attention to some considerations of a different or less reconde nature. In defining the character of Gray's poetry I am fully aware of the arbitrariness of the distinction of schools and orders of poetry or art, as still more uncertain and less satisfactory than even of those of moral and physical science; but when I define Gray as a poet of sentiment, you will understand that I distinguish him from the poet of passion and the poet of imagery, and that Gray's perfect combination of sentiment and form may justly place him on the pedestal he occupies, although the operations of his genius could not by their very nature be as productive as those that spring from a supernal height of imagination or a greater depth of being, or even from that kaleidoscope of verbal fancy, which delights in an infinite variety and succession of development. There is, too, an analogous difference in the effect of such poetry on the estimate of mankind. Gray circulated his 'Elegy' in manuscript with all the timidity of an amateur, and thus could not have awoken one morning and found himself famous, like Byron after his second canto of 'Childe Harold'; but none the less have those verses, thus modestly produced, permeated the hearts of millions of men and women, and, so to say, incorporated themselves in the English language. Lord Houghton then unveiled the bust, amid renewed cheering.

#### SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S REMARKS.

Sir Frederick Leighton, who was received with great applause, said: I am unable wholly to fathom the ground on which it has been decreed, where obedience is due, that the promoters, in this country, of an act of homage to a great poet should respond, not through the lips of one whose craft it is to clothe his thoughts in words, but of one who struggles to be articulate in forms and colors. Two motives—shall I own it—have suggested themselves to me as lurking, it may be, in the bosom of the Master; one profoundly Machiavellian. I have, he will pardon me, a misgiving, I had almost said a belief, that the harbored wrath of Pembroke College against those of my calling, seeks to avenge on me in the shape of public penance the discourteous coldness said to have been evinced on a certain occasion towards the poet Gray by the painter Hogarth. Perhaps, however, he is moved less by animosity against my kind than by considerate care for you; for has he not reflected that upon one branch of my subject I have neither claim nor quality to speak, and that on the other there is nothing much to say, from whence it flows that my words must be few and my demand upon your patience brief. And herein I will strive not to disappoint him. On one branch of my subject, I am, I said, bound to silence—I mean of course the literary aspects of this celebration, aspects which have been touched upon with his wonted eloquence by Lord Houghton, and will, as I understand, be presently lit up for you by another poet, an acknowledged lord in all felicities of speech, to whose words you will listen the more eagerly, that he is about—soon, I fear—to interpose an ocean between himself and several islandfuls of English friends. It is therefore, I say, not for me to trace before you the features of Gray's lofty muse, lofty and grave, a shadow upon her pensive brow, and yet in her eyes what tender depth of light, and on her lips what subtle faculty of gentle mirth! Neither have I to call up for you the dapper presence of the keen-eyed little great man himself—'wie er leibte und lebte'—although I almost fancy I see him before me, not so much, perhaps (for you see the artist is incorrigible within me), not so

much poring over his Pindar or polishing a poem, but seated amongst his china, hedged from the world by the flowers he loved, trying over at his piano some complete passage of Domenico Scarlatti, or, secure in his solitude, humming to himself a snatch from his favorite Regolesi. You will rather ask me how the individuality of Gray may strike an artist in its relation to Art; well, I answer this: It is an individuality in which an artist finds something to forgive, but how much to love and to admire! and that wherein we dissent from him lay in his time, but in that which we love and admire he was a precursor and a prophet. If, after the manner of his day, he bowed in painting to Guido, in architecture his chastened taste rebelled against the tawdry antics of Horace Walpole's Gothic. But it is chiefly in relation to landscape that the modern feeling stirred in him. Nature knew in him a lover, and in her turn loved to unseal to him her inmost secrets. Her beauties for him revealed a new and richer meaning, for him a fuller charm breathed from the meadow and from the mere, and the mountains lost their antique terrors, and their gloom, fired by a new light, turned in his eyes to glory; a new dawn had arisen. Salvator Rosa and his kind were dead. His path was clear for Turner, for Constable, for Crome. It was well, sir, that artists should join in doing homage to a man who amongst the foremost heralded the day in which such men were given to our country. Allow me one egotistic word before I sit down; allow me to congratulate myself that the effigy in which Gray will henceforth live again in his old familiar haunts is the work of a young friend and colleague of my own, on whose gifts his brother members in the Royal Academy look with admiring sympathy, and whom whose knows him holds in warm regard.

[Mr. Lowell's speech is omitted here, for the reason that it was printed in THE CRITIC of June 13.]

The Master, in the name of the company, thanked Sir Frederick Leighton and Hon. Russell Lowell for their hasty visit and called upon those present to give a hearty round of applause. Lord Houghton then concluded his speech, which had been before interrupted by the exigencies of trains. He remarked that Thomas Gray did not live in the time of railways or he would have gone up to London more often than he did, and would have complained less than he did of the loneliness of Cambridge. Continuing, he said:—I do not think that we should separate without expressing my own and your profound regret at the recent loss of our friend and comrade, the great scholar, Hugh Munro, who gave us recently a little volume that contains his admirable translation of the 'Elegy,' with the original reprinted in its true Tibullian form, the last of the series, of which Dodsley's rough quarto pamphlet, in February, 1751, was the first, and which was continued by the thin folio of 'Six Poems,' printed one side of the paper to make up a volume with Bentley's graceful designs, in 1753, and which is still an ornament to every choice library. Munro rests under the pyramid of Cestius, in company with the tomb of Keats and the heart of Shelley. Had he lived, he would assuredly have been with us to-day.

Professor Stokes said:—I have, perhaps, one claim which is not likely to excite envy. I am, possibly, the senior member of the college present on this occasion, and it is from this, I expect, that I have been asked to speak to-day. I have to say a few words on behalf of the college. Every true-hearted Cambridge man must feel proud of the men of distinction who belonged in former times to his own college. In this college, the portraits of some such men are hung up in the Hall, and among them, I may mention, are the portraits of two who laid down their lives for their faith. Our Hall has long been adorned by the bust of a distinguished statesman. But besides the divines and statesmen we also claim the possession of several poets well known to those who study English literature. Portraits of some of our poets are hung in the Combination Room, and among them I may mention Gray himself. But the combination Room is frequented only by the fellows, and occasionally by visitors who come to see the lions of Cambridge. The Hall, on the other hand, is visited daily by the Undergraduates who come here to get their dinners. It is well that we should have in the College Hall a memorial that it is not alone in the more serious walks of divinity or statesmanship, that a member of the college may make himself distinguished. Thanks to those who have promoted the undertaking which we inaugurate to-day, we have in our hall a beautiful bust of one of our distinguished poets. In seeing this, our young men may be reminded that there are various departments in life in which they may render service. (Lord Houghton proposed 'The health of the Master,' and the proceedings were brought to a close.)

## Current Criticism

A REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN:—I cannot, in giving you an account of my stewardship, sit down without saying that you know the Harvard man prefers one leaf of Harvard laurel to any other wreath he may win. So that he thinks nothing so dear as the dear applause on my right [that of Dr. Holmes], and he can conceive better than I can express it how grateful has been the welcome I have received to-day. I do not, to quote the words of the Governor, consider it a personal tribute to myself. I cannot do that. When I was in England, if I was received with kindness, as I most certainly was at all times, it was not, you will permit an old fellow of sixty-six years to say, due to any charms of his own. That kindness was shown to the representative of a great country and people, with whom the people on the other side of the water feel themselves to be in ever-increasing friendly relations and wish those relations to grow warmer, if possibly that can be. Everywhere I was received not in any sense for myself. The universities received me as in some sort representing the academic life of America. The workmen received me with the greatest warmth, simply because I was an American. And their philosophers told me that they received me with such warmth because I was the countryman of Emerson, who had spoken there before me.—*Ex-Minister Lowell, at Harvard.*

'MISS CADOGNA'S' DIALECT:—While admitting that Mr. Hawthorne has reproduced the dialect of the Munster peasantry skillfully enough, we wish to point out that in putting it into the mouths of such refined persons as his heroine and her aunt, he is guilty of a solecism on a par with that of confounding the lingo of Whitechapel with the clipped colloquialism of Mayfair. We hold that a refined Irishwoman speaks our tongue as well as it is spoken. But, although she may have a slight brogue, she is certainly not in the habit of using such constructions as 'You'll be after finishing the picture soon now,' any more than she is given to interlard her conversation at every turn with 'faith' and 'sure.' Cultivated Irish people appreciate the dialect immensely; but even among themselves they only employ it by way of a joke, and none of their womankind, however romantic and impulsive, would, if she were of gentle birth, break out in conversation with a stranger into such absurdities as 'Glory be to God, he's himself again! Arrah, dear friend, my heart misgave me,' etc.—*The Spectator.*

'MARINO FALIERO':—But it is, of course, on delineating the doge that the dramatist has concentrated his forces. Faliero, the proud octogenarian hero, doating on a young and beautiful wife, is Mr. Swinburne's finest conception—we might perhaps say the freshest dramatic conception we have met with of late years. No man in health really feels himself to be old. The stronger the personality the stronger does it feel its own invulnerable unity—a unity that knows no such artificial divisions as are indicated by the words 'youth,' 'middle-age,' 'old age.' To such a personality life is swifter than the weaver's shuttle, but the soul has never had time to measure the speed. This is especially so where the strong personality moves among the patrician class of a great country. Though neither Mr. Swinburne nor any one else could make such a motive as that of Marino Faliero's revenge strong enough to support a five-act play—especially a play full of such magnificent writing as Mr. Swinburne was sure to put into it—he has, by the importation of other issues—love and patriotism—produced a tragedy of a noble and, in many respects, of a unique kind.—*The Athenaeum.*

THE NUISANCE OF STEAM-SCREAMING:—Ex-Governor Cornell forcibly calls attention to a very great public nuisance, to which he attributes much of the insomnia which is becoming almost a distinctive American malady. This nuisance is the incessant and reckless blowing of locomotive whistles at all times of day and night, with a total disregard of everything but the convenience or the whim of the railroad or the factory. This violent and constant disturbance of sleep at night, as Governor Cornell suggests, gradually and unconsciously produces insomnia. The nuisance was so flagrant in the populous suburbs of Boston that the law very wisely interfered and regulated the pernicious steam-screaming. That it can be stopped altogether is, of course, impossible, but that it can be very seriously diminished is unquestionable. Governor Cornell says truly that the Railway Commissioners in New York could easily command attention to the subject. It is certainly worth their attention, and by nothing could they commend themselves more cordially



to public regard than by an investigation of this abuse, and by judicious recommendations for its regulation to the Legislature. The steam-screaming of tug-boats is not less an outrage and nuisance to those who live near navigable waters, but it is, of course, much less extensive than the offence of the railway locomotives. But there is no more reason that a constant recurrence of offensive and injurious noises should be tolerated by the community than injurious and offensive smells. Trains should not be permitted to regulate their motions in a way which necessarily rouses and disturbs an entire community, and Governor Cornell has well called attention to a public abuse which should not be longer tolerated.—*Harper's Weekly*.

**MORE PRAISE FOR MISS THOMAS:**—The one recent American volume of poems that yields genuine satisfaction is 'A New Year's Masque, and Other Poems,' by Edith M. Thomas. Here again we have the element of local interest, for Miss Thomas is understood to have spent her life in Ohio, and her single pen has given to that State, as Miss Murfree has given to Tennessee, the right to claim the production of a classic writer. Miss Thomas's work, both prose and verse, has rapidly made itself known through the magazines to thoughtful readers; and among those of this class who have met with it there is, we believe, no doubt as to its rare quality. It does not yet combine all merits—the rich and mellow human element is still rather wanting in it; but it is unsurpassed in contemporary literature for the fineness of its interpretation of nature, and the delicate subtlety of its imagination. Shelley, Keats, Andrew Marvell pass before us in turn as we gaze on these airy structures, that seem to touch the common earth just at one point, as when a child's glittering soap-bubble drops and floats along the floor. How wholly aerial, for instance, is her 'Light Round,' and how exquisitely handled is the disappearance of the fairy troop, a thing far more difficult to handle than the process of evoking them. . . . There is certainly no American poet under forty who can be said, so truly as Miss Thomas, to represent an indefinite possibility; given life and health, there is no telling what high imaginative work she may not yet produce.—*New York Evening Post*.

### Notes

THE author of 'The Philosophy of Disenchantment,' Mr. Edgar Everson Saltus, writes to us from Paris under date of June 12 as follows:—I have received copies to-day from the States of my book on pessimism, and I find that through some error the last page of the original manuscript has been omitted. The proof-sheets I did not see; they were revised in New York. The page of which I speak contained the expression of my indebtedness for facts and suggestions derived from the works of MM. Caro, Huber, Bouché-Leclercq, Ribot, Bourget and de Careil. As my obligations to these authors are weighty, will you do me the kindness to allow me to rectify the omission through the publicity of your paper.

—'The Tinted Venus,' says *The Academy*, forms one volume of Mr. Arrowsmith's handy Bristol Library, which was established by Hugh Conway's success, and seems destined to displace the old three-volume novel to a great extent.

—At the Class Day Dinner at Harvard College, last week, Dr. Holmes read a poem complimentary to Mr. Lowell, one verse of which has been given to the press. It runs as follows:

By what deep magic, what alluring arts,  
Our truthful James led captive British hearts;  
Whether his shrewdness made their statesmen halt,  
Or, if his learning found their dons at fault,  
Or, if his virtue was a strange surprise,  
Like honest Yankees we can simply guess;  
England herself will be the first to claim  
Her only conqueror since the Normans came.

—*The Literary World* of Boston seizes the occasion of Mr. Lowell's return to the United States to print nine pages of letters and poems in his honor, in the manner of our Holmes Number of last August. The more noteworthy contributors to this interesting tribute are Mr. Whittier, Dr. Holmes, Margaret J. Preston, Rose Terry Cooke, Christopher P. Cranch, Will Carleton and S. V. Cole, who send poems, and George Bancroft, Mark Hopkins, Noah Porter, C. D. Warner, E. C. Stedman, O. B. Frothingham, Cyrus A. Bartol, F. B. Sanborn and J. T. Trowbridge, who confine themselves to prose. Perhaps the most graceful letter is that of Prof. J. A. Harrison, of Lexington, Va. Ex-President Hayes, who sent Mr. Lowell first to Spain and afterwards to England, appropriately welcomes him back. Then there is a general article on Mr. Lowell, followed by

special ones on his sojourn in England, his rank as a prose writer, and his genius as a poet.

—A pamphlet has been printed in England for the preservation, in convenient form, of the report of the Gray memorial unveiling, reprinted in to-day's CRITIC from *The Cambridge Review*.

—Lord Tennyson and Mr. Ruskin, respectively president and vice-president of the British Chess Association, have both consented to give copies of their works, with their autographs, as prizes to be competed for in the tournament now proceeding. Lord Tennyson's prize is for the best two players in consultation, belonging to the professions of medicine, the law, church, army, or navy.

—Thomas Middleton's Works, edited by A. H. Bullen, in eight volumes, four of which are now ready, follow Marlowe's Works in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s admirable series of the English Dramatists. The four volumes are sold in cloth for twelve dollars, and in a large-paper edition for sixteen.

—*The Nation* completed its twentieth year on June 25th. The success of this journal, which has been under the same editorial management from the start, is highly creditable to the taste and intelligence of American newspaper readers. As a political review, it is certainly unsurpassed on this side of the Atlantic.

—G. F. Watts, the painter, so many of whose works are on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in this city, is said to have declined the baronetcy recently offered him. A like honor has been conferred upon J. E. Millais, his brother artist.

—August 1 is the date chosen by Crowell & Co. for the issuing of Cushing and Frey's 'Initials and Pseudonyms,' James Parton's 'Some Noted Princes, Authors and Statesmen of Our Time,' a new work by Professor Ely on socialism in the United States, and new editions of their 'Red-Line Poets,' Tennyson's Works, and Hepworth Dixon's 'Her Majesty's Tower.'

—Excellent typography and press-work characterize the pamphlet in which are preserved the speeches, poems, etc., incident to the unveiling of the Poe monument in the Metropolitan Museum.

—Prof. Elie Charlier is about to spend a year abroad. Last week his friends met in the University Club Theatre to bid him farewell. Amongst those who spoke were the Rev. Drs. Howard Crosby, John Hall, and Henry M. Field. Dr. Crosby said that Prof. Charlier's thirty-years' labor as a teacher in this city had been that of a Christian who had never turned aside for specious theories.

—*The National Review*, the English Conservative organ, prints the following apostrophe to Gordon:

Greatest of losers, on the lone peak slain,  
Of Alp-like virtue. Not to-day and not  
To-morrow shall thy spirit's splendor be  
Oblivion's victim; but when God shall find  
All human grandeur among men forgot,  
Then only shall the world, grown old and blind,  
Cease, in her dotage, to remember thee.

—A statement having appeared to the effect that Lord Tennyson had 'changed his publishers about half-a-dozen times within the same number of years, in order to reap amplified profits from his copyrights,' *Appleton's Literary Bulletin* says that the Laureate has certainly not changed his publishers more than once or twice within the period specified. Macmillan & Co. issue his works at present, his previous publishers having been King & Co. and their successors, Kegan Paul & Co., who paid him \$25,000 a year, whether he published anything new or not.

—'First Steps in Latin,' by R. H. Leighton, Ph.D. (Leipzig), and 'Language Lessons in Arithmetic,' by Miss Ellen L. Barton, Principal of the Portland, Me., School for the Deaf, will be ready by Ginn & Co. about August 1.

—Dartmouth College has a new library building.

—In the conviction that the popular interest in the Civil War has not been exhausted but merely stimulated by *The Century's* war series, *The Magazine of American History* begins, with its new volume, a similar series of articles, seven of which appear in the July number. The frontispiece is a portrait of President Lincoln, and the military contributors are Gen. Charles P. Stone, Gen. Thomas Jordan, Gen. Meredith Read, Gen. Egbert L. Viele and Col. Charles C. Jones, while the laymen who write the other two articles are George Routledge Gibson and Mrs. Lamb, the editor of *The Magazine*. Horatio King tells what he knows of President Buchanan; and the various departments are as full and as interesting to specialists as usual.

—Ten copies of Miss Cleveland's 'George Eliot's Poetry, and Other Studies' are being specially bound for presentation to Queen Victoria and the surviving former 'ladies of the White House'—Mrs. James K. Polk, of Nashville; Mrs. Phillips, formerly Mrs. Betty Taylor Bliss, of Virginia; Mrs. John Tyler, of Virginia; Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, of Baltimore; Mrs. Martha Johnson Patterson, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. McElroy.

—The use of the phrase 'poet-editor' in connection with Mr. E. C. Stedman's forthcoming 'Poetry of America' seems to have misled some of our readers. In collaboration with Miss Ellen Hutchinson, Mr. Stedman is compiling and editing a ten-volume 'Library of American Literature'; but the 'Poetry of America' is an entirely original work, like the 'Victorian Poets' but more extensive. It has been in hand for some years, and is Mr. Stedman's most important prose work.

—The seventh summer session of the Concord School of Philosophy will begin on Thursday, July 16. It may last for three weeks. The general subjects to be discussed are Goethe's genius and work and the question whether pantheism is the legitimate outcome of modern science. The lecturers on Goethe will be Dr. W. T. Harris, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Julian Hawthorne, John Albee, Denton J. Snider, Profs. H. S. White and W. T. Hewett, of Cornell, the Rev. Drs. Bartol and R. A. Holland, Mrs. E. D. Cheney, Dr. F. L. Soldan, Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman, of Cincinnati, F. B. Sanborn, F. H. Emery, Jr., Prof. Thomas Davidson and William O. Partridge. The symposium on pantheism will include papers by John Fiske and Drs. Peabody, Harris, G. H. Howison and F. E. Abbott.

—Ten thousand copies of 'The Journals of General Gordon at Khartoum,' at five dollars a copy, were sold in England in advance of publication this week. Copious extracts from the book heralded its appearance in this country. Among them is one to which Gordon's death lends special interest:—In ten or twelve years' time Baring, Lord Wolseley, myself, Evelyn Wood, etc., will have no teeth, and will be deaf; some of us will be quite *passé*; no one will come and court us; new Barings, new Lord Wolseleys will have arisen, who will call us 'bloaks' and 'twaddlers.' 'Oh! for goodness sake, come away, then! Is that dreadful bore coming? If once he gets alongside you, you are in for half an hour,' will be the remark of some young captain of the present time on seeing you enter the club. This is very humiliating, for we, each one, think we are immortal. That poor old general . . . who for years vegetated at the end of — St., close to the clubs! who ever visited him? Better a ball in the brain than to flicker out unheeded, like he did.

—If the 1065 votes which have been cast in reply to certain questions recently propounded by the Philadelphia *Weekly Press* may be taken as representative, then Harriet Beecher Stowe is the most popular living novelist, 'Evangeline' the most popular poem, Webster the greatest American orator living or dead, Mr. Blaine the greatest statesman, Pennsylvania the best State to live in, the telegraph is the most useful American invention, religion is the source of the greatest amount of happiness to the human race, women should not be permitted to vote, American sympathy would be with England in the event of an Anglo-Russian war, and the substitution of light wines and malt liquors for stronger alcoholic drinks would not remove the evils of intemperance to such an extent that further prohibitory legislation would be unnecessary. Two points, however, should be borne in mind—the *Press* is a Blaine paper and is published in Pennsylvania. The vote on the Anglo-Russian question was 516 to 515; that on the question of prohibition 881 to 163. The first prize, promised to the voter whose list most nearly coincided with the united vote of all who took part in the competition, was won by a woman. Another woman would have won it, had she not regarded money, instead of religion, as the root of happiness. The editor's comments are interesting; but the bust of Gray recently unveiled stands, not in Westminster Abbey, but in Pembroke College, Cambridge.

—Leon & Bro., dealers in old books in the basement of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at the corner of Twenty-third Street, send us an early copy of an interesting catalogue of 'First Editions of American Authors,' of which they issue a limited edition at one dollar per copy. It is bound in gray paper covers, with an original etching on the face; and it contains the names of over 300 authors, with lists—complete, wherever possible—of their works, showing the date and place of publication, and the price at which they are held. It is an excellent piece of work, and reflects special credit on the publishers as they are of foreign birth.

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

No. 978.—What does the abbreviation Sc. D. stand for?

NEW YORK CITY.  
[Doctor of Science.]

A. E. C.

No. 979.—I recently bought at a sale of old books, a copy of 'The Tragedies of Æschylus,' translated by R. Potter and published in 1777; also, a copy of Minshen's 'Guide to Tongues,' published in 1625 or 1627 (the Roman and the Arabic dates on the title-page do not agree). Can you tell me the value of them and if they are rare?

ST. PAUL, MINN.

M. DE V. I.

[The Æschylus should be worth twenty-five cents; the Guide, if in good condition, \$4.]

No. 980.—Which of the celebrated artists painted with his left hand?

—2. Who was the author of the 'Ballade of Lord Bateman?' In a publisher's advertisement it is attributed, supposititiously, to Dickens; but I have an idea that it is much older than his day.

NEWPORT, R. I.

M. H. N.

['Lord Bateman' is an old English ballad, one of the many variants of the well-known story of Gilbert & Becket (the father of Thomas), who was taken prisoner by the Saracens during the crusades, and escaped through the assistance of the daughter of his captor, Prince Amiraud, who had fallen in love with him. She knew only two English words, 'London' and 'Gilbert.' By aid of the first she succeeded in following him to his native city, and by repeating the second in the streets of London she finally found her lover and was married to him. The story was first told by Robert of Gloucester in his Life and Martyrdom of Thomas Becket; thence it found its way into the popular ballads of England and Scotland, and also Spain and Italy. There is a burlesque entitled 'The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman,' which was illustrated by Cruikshank, and it may be to this that our correspondent refers. See Child's 'English and Scottish Ballads' for the ancient ballad.]

No. 981.—Who are the 'two well-known graduates of our great universities,' who are alluded to by Dr. Holmes on page 3 of the July *Atlantic*, as 'living examples of precocious but enduring intellectual development.'

U. S. TREASURY, NEW YORK.

J. C. H.

### ANSWERS.

No. 959.—I have copied from a newspaper scrap the poem asked for by J. D. M. It is entitled 'A Woman's Question' and ascribed to E. B. Brown- ing, but I fail to find it in my edition of her poems.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing  
Ever made by the Hand above—  
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,  
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing  
As a child might ask for a toy?  
Demanding what others have died to win,  
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,  
Man-like you have questioned me;  
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,  
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,  
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;  
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,  
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;  
I require a far better thing;  
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—  
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,  
And a man that the maker, God,  
Shall look upon as he did the first,  
And say, 'It is very good.'

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade  
From my soft, young cheek one day;  
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,  
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep  
I may launch my all on its tide?  
A loving woman finds heaven or hell  
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,  
All things that a man should be;  
If you give this all I would stake my life  
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook  
You can hire with little to pay;  
But a woman's heart and a woman's life  
Are not to be won that way.

NEWTON, MASS.

M. J. B.

THE LIMITED PAYMENT POLICIES OF THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn., concentrate payments into the *working years* of a man's life, and leave him free from all worry in his later years even if helpless.